

Of your name, or his scape.

Iay. Pray heaven it hold so.

2. Fr. Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. Fr. *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and discoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whose meanes he escapt, which was your
Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prisoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile assure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. Fr. How was it ended?

2. Fr. Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their suites fairly granted,
The prisoners have their lives.

1. Fr. I knew t'would be so.

2. Fr. But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. Fr. They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. Fr. T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you see her?

2. Fr. How he looks?

Iay. This morning.

(*the sleeper*)

Woo. Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did

1. Fr. These are strange Questions.

Iay. I doe not thinke she was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So farre from what she was, so childishly.
So sillily, as if she were a foole,

An

An Inocent, and I was very angry.

But what of her Sir?

Woo. Nothing but my pittie; but you must know it, and
Asby an other that lesse loves her: (as good by me

Iay. Well Sir.

1. Fr. Not right?

2. Fr. Not well? *Wooer.* No Sir not well.

Woo. Tis too true, she is mad.

1. Fr. It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it so.

Iay. I halfe suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:

Either this was her love to *Palamon*,

Or feare of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haste Sir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
From the far shore, thicke set with reedes, and Sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my eare, when I might well perceive
T'was one that sung, and by the smallnesse of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not
Who made the sound; the rushes, and the Reeds
Had so encompass't it: I laide me downe
And listned to the words she song, for then
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,
I saw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She sung much, but no sence; onely I heard her
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberries,
Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. Fr. Pretty foule.

Woo. His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

1 2

And